

RURAL REPOSITORY.



ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

A Semi-monthly Journal, *E*mbellished with *E*ngravings.

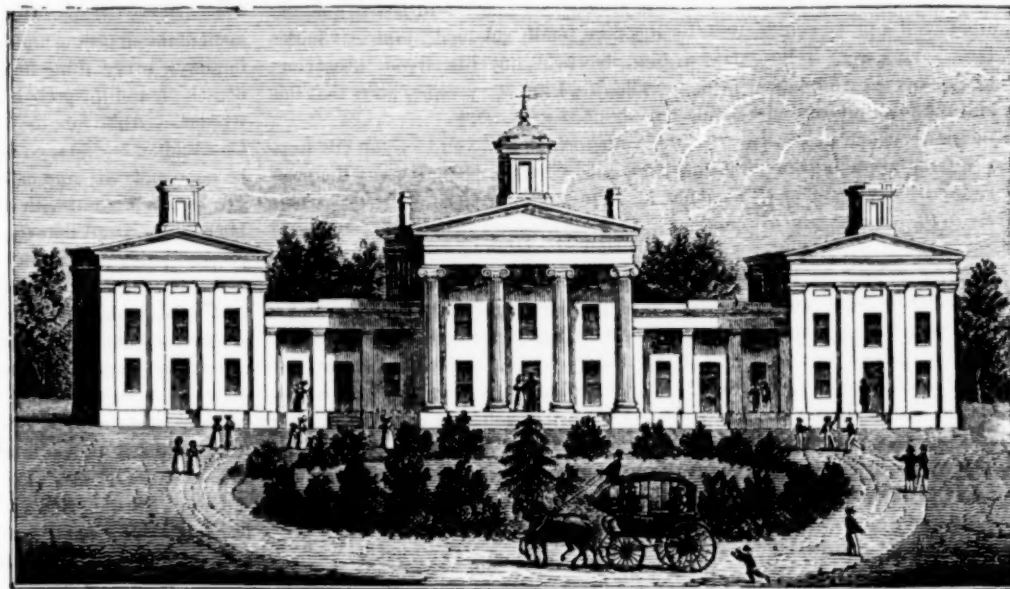
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

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TALES.

THE GIPSY MOTHER; Or, the Miseries of Enforced Marriage. CHAPTER VII.

"THEN you have known her before, Mr. Montgomery?" observed Mr. Danna, in a softened voice.

Denzil replied by relating the whole history of his introduction to the Delancys, and the consequences that had resulted to him from the connexion, concluding with the adventure which had again brought Miss Julia in his way, and frankly avowing the means by which Charles had become acquainted with her.

This brought about an understanding between them, and Mr. Danna and Denzil soon entered the drawing-room laughing together, which had the effect to render Mrs. Danna as affable and polite as she had before been distant and formal, while the countenance of Rosa brightened up at perceiving that a perfect reconciliation had taken place between Denzil and her uncle.

Denzil was now completely at home.—Mrs. Danna, who had lost a son under circumstances of peculiar affliction, a few years before, gazed upon his fine expressive countenance till tears of fond remembrance dimmed her mild eyes; and Mr. Danna, delighted to renew the recollections of his youth with one who could so heartily enter into his feelings, and whose intelligent, and occasionally arch and humorous remarks heightened and improved whatever was said in conversation, seemed surprised and sorry when the announcement of eleven o'clock warned them that it was time to separate.

"A few words on the subject of Charles Levison, my young friend," he observed, as they stood together in the hall, waiting for the carriage to come up to the door. "I would still, if it were in my power, redeem him from ruin, but I dare not now ask you to bring him here, as it would be an insult to the females of my family, after what Rosa unfortunately saw and heard yesterday; but I will, if you will not consider me an intruder, breakfast with you to-morrow morning, and I shall then have

an opportunity of learning from his own lips, what prospect there is of being able to do for him that which I am most anxious to perform, less for his own sake, I acknowledge, than for those with whom he is, unfortunately for them, so intimately connected."

Denzil pressed the hand which was held out to him, and having named the breakfast hour, departed.

"Is Mr. Levison gone to bed?" he inquired of the servants who awaited his approach.

"No, sare—he have one, two, tree gentilhomme wid him—dey wait for you for *souper*."

Denzil walked forward to the room, where their noise betrayed the state of intemperance they were in.

"Here's the real Simon Pure, at last!" vociferated Charles as Denzil entered.—"Well, my boy, how have you passed the evening? Very rationally, piously, eh? Held the same prayer-book as the pretty Rosa, and sung second to the evening hymn. Have n't I hit it, now?"

Though vexed and mortified, Denzil could not forbear laughing with the rest.

"Mr. Montgomery's piety sits well upon him, however," observed St. George, looking at him with an air of thoughtfulness; "I never saw him look better, or handsomer, in my life."

"Who would not look well and handsome who had passed a whole evening in the society of Rosa Somerville, whose beauty is enough to create a life, even in the ribs of death?" observed one of the party, whom Denzil did not recollect to have seen before, but who had been, on his first entrance, introduced to him by St. George as Mr. Aubigne.

"Well, I confess, I never saw her surpassing loveliness," observed, another, whom Denzil immediately recognized as the person of whom Mr. Danna had spoken with so much contempt, as having been at the bottom of all Charles' extravagance and folly: "nevertheless," he continued, "I shall take the liberty of proposing her health in a bumper."

Denzil's fine countenance gleamed with indignation as he heard the libertine jest, the unlicensed remarks, and the freedom with which the name of the lovely and modest Rosa was banded about from one to another.

Unaccustomed to mix in such society as that which he was now reluctantly forced into, he could scarcely restrain himself from giving vent to his feelings; and the hesitating manner in which he lifted the glass to his lips, and the low and hurried tone in which he repeated the name which he considered degraded by being uttered in such company, at once excited the derision of his companions, and induced them to persevere in the remarks which they saw excited his uneasiness. For some time Denzil bore this with comparative calmness; but when, at length, Charles, as if determined to probe him to the quick, introduced the name of Fanny Levison, he was unable to endure it any longer, and hastily rising from his chair, exclaimed, "Her name shall not be sported with, Mr. Levison. If the ties of blood have no influence over you, those of gratitude are too forcibly felt by me to allow me, patiently, to hear your cousin's name thus lightly spoken of."

"Aha!" observed one of the party—"Gratitude! You are a lucky fellow, Mr. Montgomery—gratitude to a fair lady is not a very burdensome feeling, I should think. I wish Miss Levison would try my gratitude."

Denzil's blood boiled in his veins; but when, in addition to this impertinence, he heard Charles, in a voice, which, though intended to be heard only by St. George, was sufficiently audible for the whole room to comprehend it, utter a remark derogatory to the honor of her whose very name should have been sacred with him, the rage, which Denzil had so long restrained, burst forth, and before Charles had any time to apprehend the danger that menaced him, he was leveled to the ground by a blow from that hand which had so often shielded him from danger—so often grasped his in all the cordiality of fraternal love. A scene of direful confusion ensued. Infuriated with wine, and maddened by the blow he smarted under, Charles resisted every effort of his companions to hold him. The table, bottles, glasses, all were upset and broken; and Denzil, with whom repentance had instantly followed the violence he had committed, was now, in his turn, a sufferer from the rage he had excited in the bosom of his early friend and companion. Charles, indeed, now fought with all the strength and fury, but with the same want of caution and

prudence as a maniac; while Denzil fully awakened to the consequences and disgraceful nature of the contest in which he had engaged, endeavored only to ward off the blows of his opponent, and prevent any further mischief. All his efforts, however, could not prevent his receiving several severe blows, and he would have been completely overpowered by the violence and reckless fury of Charles, had not his servant Ned, alarmed by the uproar, rushed into the room, and threw himself between them.

"Oh! oh! my dear master! Oh! mister Charles!" he exclaimed, "for heaven's sake, consider—consider my poor master, and Miss Fanny, and poor Miss Rachel. Oh! their hearts would be broken if they could see this. Oh, Mr. Charles!—Well, then, sir, if you won't be quiet by fair means," and, in a moment, Charles was pinioned fast down in a chair by the athletic youth, who, having both the advantage of coolness and superior strength, held him there, in spite of all his struggles and execrations, until he was so completely exhausted as to be glad to give the assurance, which Ned insisted upon, that he would not strike another blow, but would go quietly to bed.

The rage which was kindled in Denzil's bosom was, by this time, totally subdued; and, as Charles passed him, he held out his hand, observing, "Charles, Charles, I am sorry—very sorry that this should have happened."

"Curse your sorrow, and you too, you vile hypocrite," exclaimed Charles, dashing away the proffered hand. "It is all of a piece with your whole conduct. Your life has been all deception and—"

"Master! Sir! Mr. Montgomery! don't listen to him—don't speak to him," exclaimed Ned, in accents of terror. "He'll be sorry to-morrow—indeed he will."

"Never!" said Charles, with vehemence. "You think I am drunk, Denzil, and that I know not what I say; but I do know, well enough. I know—I have long known that you are a cool, calculating villain, and that it is your fawning hypocrisy that has made my uncle my enemy—but he shall know you. He shall see you in your true colors, and he shall judge whether—"

"I will hear you no longer, Mr. Levison," interrupted Denzil, every nerve quivering with agony at this base and malicious accusation, so totally unlooked for and unexpected from one whose worst faults, in the eyes of his friend, had been credulity and blind faith in the seeming and professions of others. "I will not now discuss this subject with you, but to-morrow, sir, to-morrow"—and his eyes darted lightning—"I shall expect and demand satisfaction for your injurious, your false, your base assertions."

"No—no—no," ejaculated Ned, turning pale with affright. "Oh, no, for heaven's sake, don't talk of it. You would n't, surely you would n't—you that have been brothers all your lives. Oh, that my poor old master were here. Gentlemen—dear Mr. St. George, do pray speak to them. Don't let them part in malice. Pray, good, dear Mr. Charles, I will go down on my knees to you, if you will only say you are sorry. I know Mr. Denzil is sorry. I know it would break his heart if any thing was to happen between you to make my old master grieve; and Miss Fanny, too, she would go mad if you were to harm each other; and, after all, you know you love one another in your hearts. How can you do otherwise? Pray, then—pray shake hands, and forget all that has vexed you both. Mr. St. George, I know you are kind hearted—won't you try to persuade Mr. Charles?"

"I am sure, my good lad," observed Mr. St. George, in a tone of feeling, "if your simple eloquence does not prevail on them to forget all animosity, it is not very likely that my representations would be of any use. However, I will say that I hope, if the subject is renewed to-morrow, Mr. Montgomery will have sense enough to be satisfied with the acknowledgement which I am sure Mr. Levison will then feel himself bound to make."

Finally, Charles acknowledged that he had not been sensible of saying any thing against Rosa or Fanny, and a bowl of punch was sent for to heal all difficulties, and wipe out the remembrance of wrong—and for half an hour longer was Denzil obliged to endure the folly and ribaldry which was circulated around it, before he found an opportunity to withdraw.

Wearied with the extraordinary exertions, both of mind and body, which he had been forced into on the preceding day, Denzil awoke not until the voice of Ned, at his bedside, informed him that Mr. Danna was already in the breakfast-room, and apparently chagrined at finding no one to receive him.

Denzil started up. He had forgotten the engagement of the preceding night—forgotten Mr. Danna—forgotten every thing but the wrong that had been done him, and the probability that there were others who believed him to be the despicable character which Charles had represented him, and to whom it would be impossible to vindicate himself. The name of Mr. Danna brought with it a train of different ideas. He recollected all that the latter had said, and the purpose of his present visit; and humiliated, vexed and ashamed, both for himself and for him who had been the primary cause of all the vexation, he prepared as quickly as possible to meet Mr. Danna.

"Good gracious, sir! how your lip is cut, and your face bruised!" exclaimed Ned, as his master was dressing. "Law! law! what will the gentleman think? and so precise, and so neat, and so nice as he looks, too."

Denzil felt that Ned's observation might have been spared, for the smarting pains he endured had already suggested to him the unpleasantness of appearing before Mr. Danna in such a plight. He looked in the glass, but shrunk back more than chagrined, for his face not only bore the marks of the blows he had received, but the effects of the violent passions which had agitated him, and the effects of the unusual quantity which he had drunk; the color had entirely left his cheeks, and his eyes, instead of possessing their usual animation, were heavy and blood-shot. "I cannot avoid it, however," he observed, "and therefore it is useless to reflect upon it," and hurrying on his clothes, he hastened to the breakfast-room.

Mr. Danna's looks betrayed his surprise and consternation; but he said nothing for some minutes, and Denzil, glad even of this short respite, busied himself at the breakfast-table.

"Will not Mr. Levison honor us with his company?" inquired Mr. Danna, after looking several times towards the door with considerable anxiety.

Denzil started at his own remissness in not having sent to let Charles know that his company was expected.

"I will send and inquire," he replied, with embarrassment, "but I am almost fearful that—"

"I see, sir, that I am too pressing in my services," observed Mr. Danna, with evident chagrin, "but do not let me be an intruder, I beg. I am

fearful that I have called you unseasonably from your repose."

"My dear, sir, I hope—pray, do not speak to me in this manner. I am already very—very unhappy, and if I lose your good opinion—" Denzil stopped suddenly, for he felt, at that moment, the full force of the injury which Charles had done him.

"Well, well, I'm sure, Denzil, I have no wish to think otherwise than well of you," replied Mr. Danna. "But, really, I am so disappointed in my expectations—my reception has been so different to what I anticipated—but do explain. What has been the matter. Charles, surely, has not been the cause of your altered appearance. He has not—"

"Charles has been very imprudent again," replied Denzil, "but I have to blame my own impetuosity and rashness, in a great measure for these pretty beauty spots," and he tried to force a smile.

"My dear lad, what has been the matter?" exclaimed Mr. Danna, resuming all his former kindness of manner.

Denzil replied by briefly detailing the occurrences of the preceding evening, omitting only that part in which Miss Somerville's name had been called in question. Mr. Danna's eyes kindled with indignation towards the misguided young man for whom he had so greatly interested himself, while, at the same time, he expressed himself highly pleased with the manner in which Denzil had acted.

"You are a noble fellow, Denzil," he exclaimed, "may you always preserve your heart as uncorrupted and your habits as untainted by society as they now are. I know too well to what extremes young men will often go, in defiance of their own hearts, and better judgement. It would have been wiser, perhaps, on your part to have let it all pass unnoticed, but it was an error of the head which does honor to the heart. I hope however, that you had the best of the contest, and that Mr. Charles has not escaped scot-free."

"I am fearful, indeed, sir, that he received some rather severe marks—more, however, from his intemperance than mine," said Denzil.

"I am glad of it—glad of it, with all my heart!" exclaimed Mr. Danna. "I hope he will not be able to show his face for a month. I should like to see him too. I should like to see how the rascal would look!"

He had scarcely finished speaking, before Charles entered the room, evidently quite unprepared to encounter Mr. Danna, whom he stared at for some moments without appearing to recognize.

"You do not seem to know me, Mr. Levison," observed the latter, "and, really, I should have scarcely recognized you, had I not been prepared to expect you. Is it this fine climate that makes such a wonderful alteration in your appearance?"

"You are pleased to be facetious, sir," said Charles. "I am glad, however, to perceive that you still retain your usual health and spirits."

"Yes, I still keep on the even tenor of my way," replied Mr. Danna, "but come, sit down, and take your breakfast, and perhaps we shall find some means of restoring you to your usual good spirits."

Charles sighed heavily, and stole a look at Denzil, whose eyes he had hitherto avoided: but he met there no expression but of kindness and commiseration, and, by degrees, the sense of shame and humiliation, so novel to him, subsided before the efforts, which both Denzil and Mr. Danna, made

to reconcile him to himself, and to convince him of their friendly intentions towards him.

They had not finished breakfast before St. George, accompanied by Mr. Aubigne, entered the room, evidently prepared to indulge their satirical wit at the expense of Charles and Denzil. At the sight of Mr. Danna, however, they both drew back, and Mr. Aubigne, uttering a confused apology, would have quitted the room, had not Mr. Danna arose and prevented him.

"So, sir," he observed, "we have met once more it seems, and as usual very little to the satisfaction of either. This then, is the penitence, the reformation you promised. These are the honest exertions by which you were to redeem your character, and provide for your necessities. I find you again, it seems, mingling with the thoughtless and the dissipated. I know not that there are any here"—looking earnestly at St. George—"who deserve a worse denomination; though sure I am that to be associated with a scoundrel and a robber as you are—"

"A robber!" exclaimed Mr. St. George; "that is a harsh term. I know not who you are, but I trust my friend here—"

"Oh! your friend you avow him to be, sir," interrupted Mr. Danna, "then to you I imagine, no justification of the appellation I have used towards him is necessary. You are probably," he added, significantly, "well acquainted with his character. But as I cannot suppose my young friends here"—pointing to Charles and Denzil—"are so well informed, I shall take the liberty of telling them that this accomplished gentleman, who seems to be on such familiar terms with them and you, once honored me so far as to stand behind my chair at dinner, open the door of my carriage in short, was that useless, unnecessary thing called a footman, in which capacity I suppose he picked up those second-hand airs by which he has been enabled to sustain the character it appears he has assumed. But the worst is yet to come, for not content with the ample wages he so lightly earned, he entered into a confederacy with some others to rob me! Yes, that fashionable, well-looking gentleman there, opened the door of my house, at midnight, to those whom he well knew would not scruple to add the crime of murder, to that of theft. The goodness of Providence defeated their intentions, and I, foolishly listening to the pleadings of a merciful disposition, rather than the dictates of stern justice, took pity on his youth, believed his professions of penitence, and suffered him to escape. Of his history since, I know nothing. Nor should I now have exposed what I do know had I not found him in the character of an impostor, who has no doubt been practising on your credulity, and would, before he quitted you, have undoubtedly given you ample reason to repent of your weakness. Say, young man, I know not by what name you call yourself, have I exaggerated in this account of our former acquaintance?"

"No, sir—it is all true," replied the young man, in a faltering voice, "there is one part only that you have passed over in my story."

"And pray what is that, sir?" demanded Mr. Danna with earnestness.

"Only that you have omitted to state how many times, previous to that horrible night, your goodness had relieved me from the distress which my wretched predilection for gambling had so often brought upon me. Yes, sir, I acknowledge that

the various sums of money which you so liberally bestowed upon me, under the belief that they were appropriated to the support of my widowed mother and a family of children, were all dissipated at the low gaming-house which I then frequented."

"And yet, with all this seeming remorse for your past actions," observed Mr. Danna, in a softened tone, "what is now your mode of life? Can you look me in the face, and say you are honestly maintaining the appearance you bear? Those clothes, that watch, and all the eteteras that stamp you, in appearance, a man of fashion—are they the fruits of honest industry, or—"

"No, sir, I will not deceive you—I dare not," replied the young man. "But when I acknowledge this, I will also ask you—I will appeal to your candor, what was I to do! You spared my life, it is true, for probably it would have been forfeited to the laws against which I had offended; but I had lost the means of supporting that life with honesty. My character was gone. I had never been used to work, and if I had, who would have employed me? No, sir, believe me, often and often, have I been tempted even to reproach you for having saved my life and left me without the means of maintaining it, as I would: yes, God knows my heart—I would have forsworn all those practices which now I am compelled to. Oh, how I have been tempted to curse the folly which bestowed upon me education and habits, and encouraged expectations to which I had not the slightest pretensions. But my poor weak mother believed her son was born to become a gentleman and so she labored patiently and indefatigably for years to maintain me in idleness. She died and I was thrown upon the world, a helpless, useless being, as you properly styled me."

"I was not speaking of you, but the whole class of modern fine gentlemen's servants," observed Mr. Danna, "but you are a strange young man, a very strange man"—and he wiped his eyes—"and if I were thoroughly convinced of your sincerity;—why did you not write to me? why did you not state all you have said so well now? I am sure you must have known enough of my character. You are competent enough to judge, that I should not have been inaccessible to the voice of truth."

"I could not, sir," returned the young man, "for having experienced the kindness and confidence of your disposition so often, I feared you would be induced to offer to take me back into your service, and that, of all things, I could not have borne to accept. I could not live to know that my every action was viewed with suspicion by those who had regarded me with kindness and confidence. You sir," and he cast down his eyes with increased confusion, "you, I am not alluding to, for well I know that had you again taken me into your service I should have experienced no mistrust or suspicion. But there were others; oh! I could have died sooner than to have seen Miss Somerville look at me with fear and suspicion: and to feel too that I had deserved it—to know that I had forfeited every claim to her confidence; and yet heaven knows, my heart knows, the wretchedness, the misery that made me consent to—but it is of no use to recall that horrible transaction."

"No, no," observed Mr. Danna, "we will say no more of that. Think no more of it; nor must we think of your coming back into my house—that will not do—will not do at all," he repeated significantly, "but something shall be done for you, something better suited to your inclinations and

capacity. You have abilities, young man, and I will yet believe that you have also feelings and principles that would not disgrace any station, and I shall live, I trust, to hear you yet acknowledge that as a blessing, which you have rightly considered as a curse to you. Let me speak a word with you," and he led him out of the room.

"This is a pretty lesson for us," observed St. George, looking at Charles, "as for Mr. Montgomery, he, of course, is not included in the class of Mr. Danna's pupils. I hope, however, that the old gentleman will not think I was the voluntary companion of a house-breaker."

"I fear you are often the companion of those whose principles and feelings would bear no comparison with those of this house-breaker," observed Denzil, who felt displeased at the tone of levity which St. George assumed. Mr. Danna re-entered. "Your friend has gone sir," he laconically observed, looking at St. George.

"Which is as much as to say that my company can be dispensed with, sir," replied the latter, starting up and speaking with his usual calmness of manner. "I hope, however, before I take my leave, that you will allow me to say that I was totally ignorant, until now, of the character of the person you are pleased to designate my friend—that I became casually acquainted with him at a house to which we both resorted, and that his frequent mention of a name, so well known and respected as Mr. Danna's, added to his specious manners and appearance, had prevented my entertaining the slightest suspicions that he was other than he pretended to be."

"And in return for my listening to this vindication of yourself, in which I can, of course, have no interest, will you allow me, sir, to ask you one question?"

"Certainly, sir," replied St. George, evidently disconcerted at the cool, sarcastic tone which Mr. Danna assumed.

"Well, then, I would ask you, on your honor, what is the character of the house to which you both resorted, and for what purpose did you go thither?"

St. George's usually intrepid face was dyed the deepest scarlet. "As to the character of the house, I only know it as a house where gentlemen resort to amuse themselves; and as to my motives for resorting there, I can only say that they were the same as those of others—to pass away the time."

"I am perfectly satisfied—perfectly so," said Mr. Danna, in the same cool, cutting manner. "You have answered that question, and I have no more to ask."

"Which is another signal for my departure," said St. George—"however, I have one, and only one more observation to make, and that is, that however I may be inclined to concede to Mr. Danna's privilege of making whatever observations he pleases respecting my character; however I may feel that his age protects him from any resentment I might feel, yet I shall not be equally indulgent, should persons whom I may consider my equals, be inclined to take the same liberty."

"You need not fear, sir," observed Mr. Danna, "I can answer for it that there are none here who will feel themselves on sufficiently equal terms with you to take any of the liberties you deprecate."

St. George was about to reply, but Mr. Danna having turned to Charles, as if he considered the matter now entirely at rest, between him and the former, so completely disconcerted him, that, with-

out uttering a word to any one, he made his usual familiar nod to Denzil, and quitted the room.

"Signor Huffcap is gone, then," said Mr. Danna, looking round—"I am glad of it, for I began to think that, notwithstanding all his professions of considerations for my age, I should stand a fair chance of getting thrashed, if he staid much longer. But now what will you think of the honor of this individual, when I tell you that the young man who has just quitted us, acknowledged to me, that this same Mr. St. George possesses no other means of living than are derived from the gaming table—in other words, that he is a professed sharper. I speak this to you in confidence," he continued, "for in confidence it was entrusted to me, and it was for your sakes only, my young friends, that I drew from that poor lad the truth of my suspicions. And now, Charles, to you especially I address myself because I consider Denzil's disposition is a sufficient protection. But you I do entreat, implore, by every tie that is sacred—for your own sake and for the sake of those who are, or ought to be, dear to you, that you will solemnly resolve to relinquish all connexions, not only with St. George, but with all of the same stamp and coinage, with whom you have, unfortunately become entangled."

"I will, my dear sir—I will," said Charles, with fervor. "I do indeed, feel that I have acted very shamefully; and though I have but a faint recollection of what occurred last night, yet I know I was in the wrong and that I ought to ask Denzil's forgiveness, and—"

"Do not say another word," observed Denzil with friendly warmth; "I, too was to blame, and if you will only say that all you laid to my charge was the result of the malice of the moment, and that you do not think me the base—"

"Good heavens, Denzil, what could I lay to your charge? You—you—who have been the noblest, most disinterested being that ever lived," exclaimed Charles. "No, it was only yesterday that I was vindicating you from an accusation that—" he paused as if recollecting that he was betraying too much; and Denzil immediately rejoined:

"Tell me but one thing, Charles, and I shall be satisfied. Tell me, was it not Julia, to whom you found it necessary to vindicate me?"

"I acknowledge it was," replied Charles.

"That is sufficient," said Denzil, "for it proves to me that what you uttered was not the suggestion of your own heart; but the dictates of another—one whose own bad imagination I know to be quite equal to such an invention. I know it all now."

"Forgive me, Denzil. It was not, indeed, my heart that spoke; but the bad passions which the liquor I had drank had raised there."

Denzil shook the hand heartily which was held out to him, and ashamed of the weakness which unmanned him, rushed out of the room. It was nearly an hour before he returned, and when he did so he found Mr. Danna and Charles still in earnest conversation. The burning blush of shame was still lingering on the cheek of Charles, and Mr. Danna's serious and troubled countenance betrayed that he had met with much to vex and distress him in the disclosure which the former had been making. The paper on which he had been making calculations, was lying before him, and when Denzil approached the table, he put it into his hand:

"It is a decent sum total," he observed placing his finger on the figures at the bottom.

Montgomery started, and Mr. Danna, smiling, added, "I think our good friend Levison would start more than you, Mr. Montgomery, were he to see this; but we must continue to reduce it within a more moderate compass before it reaches him. I have been telling Charles that, as my godson, I intended to leave him a thousand pounds at my death: and I must therefore, contrive to pay him half now, and take upon me to pay the other half, when I return to England, which will be in about six months. That will take off a thousand and leave his uncle seventeen hundred to pay, if Emma's mother refuses—which I do not think she will upon my representation—to take her share of the burthen."

Mr. Montgomery looked at Charles.

"I know it is too generous—too good," observed the latter: "I know it is more than I deserve; but if my future good conduct—"

"We will not require any promises, Charles," observed Mr. Danna; "if your own heart does not prompt you to act so as to repay your friends for the sacrifice they are willing to make, no promises, I am sure, can bind you; and now there remains nothing but to execute what we have decided upon. I cannot doubt that you will anxiously forward the arrangement I propose: but that cannot be done by your remaining here, and it will, therefore, be necessary that you return, as speedily as possible, to London. My letter will prepare your uncle to receive you, and spare you all painful explanation. Of his concurrence in what I propose, I entertain not the slightest doubt—neither can you, I am sure, knowing him as you do. I would therefore, advise you to lose no time, but return as quickly as possible."

"I will go to-day, sir, if you wish it," said Charles, but with an air of embarrassment, and in a tone that, to Denzil's ear, conveyed little of sincerity, and rendered the latter more than ever anxious that he should delay no time in following Mr. Danna's directions.

"I do not know that there is any necessity for going to-day," returned Mr. Danna; "but, as I have said before, I would not have you delay, and as you have nothing that need detain you here. I dare not ask you to dine with me to-day, for Rosa and her aunt are both so vexed with you, on Emma's account. But I will see you this evening, and give you the necessary documents; and to-morrow morning—"

"To-morrow morning, sir, I shall obey your directions and quit France," replied Charles.

"Obey your own wishes, I should hope," returned Mr. Danna, looking earnestly at him.

"Certainly, sir," replied Charles, bowing to conceal his confusion.

Mr. Danna departed; and Charles, after taking several turns across the room, observed, without looking at Denzil, "It is devilish provoking that one should be driven back to London, before one has had time to see any thing of Paris, and at this season of the year, too, when every soul that one cares about is out of town. I would as soon be sent to Siberia as be forced to stay in London when the season is over."

"But your uncle and aunt, and—and Fanny—they are there," said Denzil, with difficulty, articulating the name which he could never hear or pronounce without emotion.

"Pshaw! who could bear such a humdrum set as they associate with?" replied Charles.

"They will be somewhat gayer, I should expect, now, than you imagine," returned Denzil, striving to speak with calmness. "Fanny is about to marry."

"Marry!" repeated Charles, with astonishment. "Fanny married, and not to you! It cannot be true. I will never believe it."

"I have Mr. Danna's word for it," said Denzil, turning to conceal his emotion.

"Then I can only say there is neither faith nor truth in womankind," exclaimed Charles. "But who or what can the man be who has supplanted you in her affections?"

Denzil repeated what he had learned from Mr. Danna; and Charles, with more of warmth and interest than he had usually displayed, where he was not personally concerned, observed, "I do not know, Denzil, what may have happened to change Fanny's opinion of you, but nothing can persuade me that the poor girl has, of her own free will, so soon consented to become the wife of another, even though he has rank and title to recommend him; but I shall soon see her, and I will know the truth."

Denzil sighed, as he observed that it was now, probably, too late. "Yet I acknowledge," he added, "that it would give me great satisfaction to know that, whatever may be the motives which have influenced Fanny and her father to act as they have done, they do not attribute to me any change in those sentiments which I have and ever shall retain towards Fanny.—Heaven is my witness," he continued, with great emotion, "that by no one act of my life have I deserved to forfeit the regard with which I was beheld by them; and the only act of injustice which I can attribute to my respected friend, your uncle, is, his denying me the opportunity of vindicating myself from the false, and, I fear, malicious charges which must have been brought against me. The time may come when all may be cleared up, but, as I have said before, it will be too late."

"You think, then, that some one has aspersed you to my uncle," said Charles.

"I am sure of it," returned Denzil.

Charles remained lost, apparently, in deep thought, for some minutes: "I think I read it all, now, Denzil," he observed. "But I should like to be certain. Will you trust my prudence so far as to agree to my keeping the appointment I made with Julia to-night? And yet I cannot," he continued, putting his hand to his bandaged eye, "though I should have liked to have ascertained whether my suspicions were correct, and I know I could have done it, by pretending to fall into the opinion she entertained towards you."

"Then you think that she has been my secret enemy?" observed Denzil.

"I do, indeed; and as I feel I owe you some recompense for my conduct last night, I would willingly have lent my aid to discover whether my suspicions were correct, to the full extent: but, however, I shall know when I see Fanny; and, by the bye, Denzil, why cannot you as well go with me at once, and clear yourself? I will not believe, even now, that my uncle would act otherwise than justly and honorably; and if he were convinced that you have been wronged, I do firmly—"

"I dare not indulge the hopes you would raise in my bosom," interrupted Denzil.—"Oh, no! too surely she is now lost to me forever."

"We shall see—we shall see," returned Charles.

"Of this, however, he assured, Denzil, that my best offices shall be yours. I owe you, as I said before, some recompense for the injury my frantic folly committed, and I will not be sparing in my endeavors to set all once more right, if it is possible. But now, tell me candidly, what it is that prevents you from at once accompanying me to London, and pleading your own cause with my cousin?"

"I cannot leave my mother," replied Denzil; "and she is in too weak a state to bear the journey. Heaven knows whether she will ever be able to take it. But I dare not leave her."

"And you really have a mother living—one whom you can acknowledge, and to whom you are attached?" said Charles. "It is strange—nay, forgive me, Denzil, I do not mean to offend you, but I have heard strange tales."

"Will you allow me to repeat to you a stranger tale than any you have yet heard, and of which she is the heroine?" said Denzil.

Charles assented, and Denzil proceeded to relate the circumstances which had revealed to him the existence and situation of his mother, from the time of his first meeting with her and Tyrrel in London.

We must now return to the period which had given not less acute pain and lasting sorrow to Fanny Levison, than to her lover—the period when they had parted, as each supposed, forever.

We informed the reader that Denzil left the hotel, on that memorable evening, to visit his mother. He was just gone, when a servant announced that an English lady, who declined to give her name, requested to see Miss Levison on important business.

[To be Continued.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

EMMA ELLIS.

BY CHARLES H. BARTLETT.

CHAPTER IV.

Dr. Crabapple, a Mistake and Mortification.

For several weeks the stately old mansion opposite that of Col. Ellis had been undergoing extensive alterations and repairs and it was expected that the proprietor—a Dr. Crabapple of Philadelphia—would take possession. Of course there was no little interest awakened by the prospect of having so rich a villager as the Doctor. The maidens whisperingly inquired whether he had any sons and the young men were quite disappointed to hear that he had no daughters; but none seemed astonished to hear that so rich a man should be gouty and cross.

"Ah, mother, mother, Dr. Crabapple has arrived," said Emily Willis one day as she sprang into her parent's chamber in a perfect glee, "he came last night."

"Indeed! well, we must call on him. They say that besides all his lands and houses, he owns a bank, Emily you must set your cap for him. A good prize, that."

"But mother, the doctor is the enemy of the whole feminine gender and swears he will not allow a woman to cross his threshold!"

"No man ever has or can keep such a resolution—he has been crossed in some love affair and therefore denounces the whole sex as faithless and coquettish. A little attention and gentleness will obliterate even the memory of his anger. He is old and gouty, and a young girl like you can soon

turn his head. Indeed, I am quite sure a skillful manoeuvre will bring him to terms."

"I doubt not you can manage him. Have you a plan?"

"Yes; to-morrow you must be sick and I will send for him."

"But suppose he will not come? It would be just like him."

"I'll send till he does," was the determined reply.

"And what then?"

"I will tell you in the morning. But go now, and if that penniless painter calls this evening give him the most unequivocal walking papers. Let him stay home with Miss Moralist—but I do wonder that the Colonel should be so short-sighted as to permit him to remain there any longer."

Emily obeyed; and *en passant* let us give you a sketch of her person and character. Imprimis, she was very pretty, very accomplished and a heartless coquette. Ambitious and controlled by a manoeuvring mother she made the great end and aim of her being to procure a rich husband; and to accomplish this, she left no stone unturned. Fond of dress and display she was the very child of fashion and frivolity. With the aid of her mother's experience and insight into the weaknesses of the opposite sex, she always continued to attract a crowd of "admirers." Affecting the simplicity and *naivete* of a child, she was, as are all coquettes, a consummate hypocrite. She inwardly disliked Emma Ellis whose truthfulness and high toned morality reproved her, no less than her words.

That evening Henry called on Emily, who in the days of his boyhood had called him brother, and was coldly, yet skillfully given to understand that his visits could easily be dispensed with. When alone a scornful smile played over his features for a moment, and then all was calm again, a little more serenely calm than usual.

Morning came, and of course Emily was indisposed. Mrs. Willis sent a pressing request for Dr. Crabapple's attendance, which after a whole hour's lapse was granted. He appeared, a perfect bundle of shawls, flannels, and crossness, with his hat, which he would not allow to be taken off, pulled over his eyes and a broad bandage covering half his face (he was terribly afflicted with the ague, he said)—and a monstrous queue hanging down his back.

The doctor prescribed for his fair patient, and listened for a few moments to the gossip of the mother and the gentle raillery of the daughter, who commenced an assault upon the citadel of his bachelorship, and apparently with some success. They complimented him *ad nauseam* upon his doctoral skill, assuring him that he was the only physician in town whom they would trust. And when he had departed they laughed most heartily at their *ruse*.

For several days the doctor continued his visits, and when his patient was at length pronounced convalescent, ("the good soul!" murmured Mrs. Willis, as he uttered the word,) and he about taking his leave, Emily said,

"Well, doctor, I'm going to get married!"

"To whom?" was the gruff inquiry.

"Hah, hah, hah! doctor! what a question!"

"Fair one, I'm sure."

"Well, doctor, I'll tell you, but you must tell no one, of course. When you go home, open your bible—and she gave him the chapter and verse—and you will learn!"

"The deuce!" ejaculated the old man, "then you are to be married according to scripture, hey!"

The ladies laughed at the doctor's *bon mot*, and said he was really witty—he thought they were hypocrites!

His curiosity led him immediately on reaching home, to open the great book, and turning to the place indicated, he read—

"*Thou art the man!*"

He chuckled audibly—he laughed outright—his sides fairly shook.

"Fools," said he, "I read this trick in a jest book years ago!" And instantly penning a note, he despatched it to the hopeful mother and daughter—

"Ladies—you are entirely mistaken—I say, emphatically, I am *not* 'the man.' Yours, &c.

CRABAPPLE."

CHAPTER V.

A Joyful Wedding.

"I AM invited, mother, this evening to Emma Ellis," said Emily Willis, some days after the doctor had pronounced her convalescent. "It is said that she is to be married. But this has been reported so often, and failed to be true, that I can hardly believe it. But here comes Emma herself."

Emma entered.

"Come Emily, I want you to spend the day with me, and to-night see me married," said she, after the usual salutations. "Will you go?"

"Oh yes—of course, Emma," was the enthusiastic reply. "But to whom are you to be married? Not, I hope, to Henry Coldridge?"

"Yes, Emily—why not to him?"

"Oh, I don't know—I didn't think he was exactly the man for you, that's all."

"You thought he was poor, Emily—he frank now—did you not?"

"I did, and you know I have good reason; and as you will have it that my *penchant* is for a *rich* husband, you cannot be surprised that I wonder at your choice."

"But I *love* him, Emily—he possesses genius, and has a noble soul."

There was a deep intonation in the voice of the fair speaker which silenced her companion; and they both proceeded to the residence of the latter.

We need hardly say that the wedding was a joyous one—that the guests were merry—the bride lovely, and the groom happy, and that Strawberry Hill never echoed with more enlivening sounds or sweeter voices.

CHAPTER VI.

Dr. Crabapple and more mortification.

SOME days after, while Emily Willis was spending an afternoon with the happy pair, Henry proposed that they should call and make the venerable Dr. Crabapple a visit. For some reason entirely incomprehensible to the bride, Emily declined. Henry importuned, and at length, reluctantly consenting, she said—

"You must agree not to inform him of my presence. He's almost blind and will not see me, if you do not speak my name."

This was acceded to, and the party forthwith proceeded through the park and arrived at the old gentleman's door.

"I will go around to the other door, ladies," said Henry, after several ineffectual knocks at the door. "The servant may be absent, and the doctor would never open the door himself."

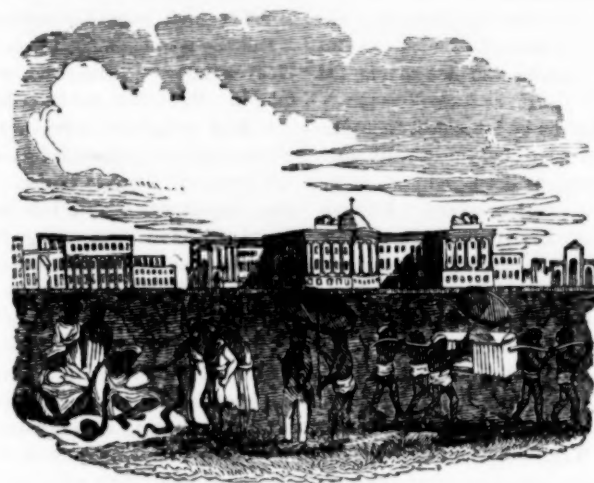
In a short time the ladies were introduced by a servant and were ushered into the doctor's presence. Henry did not appear, and the servant introduced the bride.

Suddenly, with great dexterity the doctor threw from him the greater part of his wardrobe and stood before his astonished guests—Captain Henry Jenkins!

The bride almost sank to the ground with emotion. Miss Willis retreated to a sofa.

But as if by the touch of magic, the Captain's huge red wig fell from his head, and his whiskers and mustache from his face, and he was transformed into no other than Henry Coldridge.

Emily Willis fainted and Mrs. Coldridge rushed into the arms of her twice loved husband!



TRAVELING SKETCHES.

CALCUTTA.

CALCUTTA, of which the above plate is a view, is a city of Hindostan, the emporium of Bengal, the seat of the supreme government of British India, and a See of a Bishop, with a citadel called Fort William. It is situated on the left bank of the Hoogly, or western arm of the Ganges, 100 miles from its mouth, and extends from the west point of Fort William, up the river, about 6 miles. The breadth, in many parts, is inconsiderable. Generally speaking, the description of one Indian city is a description of all; being all built on one plan, with very narrow and crooked streets, interspersed with numerous reservoirs, ponds and gardens. A few of the streets are paved with brick. The houses are variously built; some with brick, others with mud, and a greater portion with bamboos and mats; these different kind of fabrics, intermixed with each other, form a motley appearance. Those of the latter kinds are invariably of one story, and covered with thatch; those of brick seldom exceed more than two floors, and have flat terraced roofs; but these are so thinly scattered, that fires which often happen, do not, sometimes, meet with the obstruction of a brick house through the whole street. But Calcutta is, in part, an exception of this rule of building; for the quarter inhabited by the English is composed entirely of brick buildings, many of which have the appearance of palaces. (See Plate.)

MISCELLANY.

THE BUTCHER AND HIS CALF.

A BUTCHER, who had purchased a calf, sat with it on a horse at a public-house door, on which a shoemaker, remarkable for his drollery, observing and knowing he had to pass through a wood, offered to the landlord to steal the calf for a glass of grog; the landlord agreed, and the shoemaker set off and dropt one new shoe in the path near the middle of the wood, and another a quarter of a mile from it. The butcher saw the first shoe, but

The population of Calcutta is probably about 500,000. An equal number is contained in the suburbs. The population of the surrounding districts within a space of 20 miles, is estimated at 2,225,000. Here is the residence of the governor-general of India, and the seat of the Supreme Court of Justice, which decides causes according to the English law without regard to country, rank or office. Calcutta is the great emporium of Bengal, and the channel through which the treasures of the interior provinces are conveyed to Europe. The port is filled with ships of all nations, there are some houses, which trade annually to the amount of 4 or £5,000,000.

In 1756, Calcutta was taken by the soubah of Bengal, who forced the feeble garrison of the old fort, to the amount of 146 persons, into a small prison called the Black Hole, out of which only 23 came alive the next morning. It was re-taken the next year; the victory of Plassey followed; and the inhuman soubah was deposed, and put to death by his successor. Immediately after this victory, the erection of the present Fort William commenced, which is superior in regularity and strength to any fort in India, is supposed to have cost about £2,000,000 sterling, and is capable of containing 15,000 men. No ship can pass without being exposed to the fire of the fort, nor can an enemy approach by land without being discerned at the distance of 10 or 12 miles.

In 1800, the College at Fort William was founded by the Marquis Wellesley.

did not think it worth getting down for; however, when he discovered the second, he thought the pair would be an acquisition, and accordingly dismounted, tied his horse to the hedge, and walked back to where he had seen the first shoe. The shoe maker, in the mean time, unstrapped the calf, and carried it across the fields to the landlord, who put it into his barn. The butcher, missing his calf, went back to the inn, and told his misfortune, at the same time observing that he must have another calf, cost what it would, as the veal was bespoken. The landlord told him he had a calf in the barn,

which he would sell him; the butcher looked at it, and asked the price; the landlord replied, "Give me the same price as you did for the calf you lost, as I think this is full as large." The butcher would not allow it by any means to be as good, but gave within six shillings of what the other cost, and accordingly put the calf a second time across his horse. Crispin, elated with his success, undertook to steal the calf again for another glass of grog, which being agreed to, he posted to the wood and hid himself, where observing the butcher come along, he bellowed so like a calf, that the butcher conceiving it to be the one he had lost, cried with joy, "Ah! are you there? Have I found you at last?" and immediately dismounted and ran into the wood. Crispin taking advantage of the butcher's absence, unstrapped the calf and actually got back with it to the publican before the butcher arrived to tell his mournful tale, who attributed the whole to witchcraft. The publican unravelled the mystery, and the butcher, after paying for, and partaking of, a crown's worth of punch, laughed heartily at the joke, and the shoemaker got greatly applauded for his ingenuity.

THREE BAD HABITS.

THERE are three weaknesses in our habits which are very common, and which have a very prejudicial influence in our welfare.—The first is giving way to the case or indulgence of the moment, instead of doing at once what ought to be done. This practice almost diminishes the beneficial effects of our actions, and often leads us to abstain from action altogether; as, for instance if at this season, of the year there is a gleam of sunshine, of which we feel we ought to take advantage, but we have not the resolution to leave at the moment a comfortable seat or an attractive occupation, we miss the most favorable opportunity, and, perhaps, at last justify ourselves in remaining indoors on the ground that the time for exercise is past.—One evil attendant upon the habit of procrastination is, that it produces a certain satisfaction of the mind which impedes and deranges the animal functions, and tends to prevent the attainment of a high state of health. A preception of what is right, followed by a promptness of execution, would render the way of life perfectly smooth.—Children should be told to do nothing but what is reasonable, but they should be taught to do what they are told at once. The habit will stand them instead all their lives. The second weakness is, when we have made a good resolution, and have partially failed in executing it, we are very apt to abandon it altogether. For instance, if a person who has been accustomed to rise at ten, resolves to rise at six, and after a few successful attempts, happens to sleep till seven, there is great danger that he will relapse into his former habit, or probably even go beyond it, and lie till noon. It is the same with resolutions as to economy or temperance, or anything else: if we cannot do all we intend, or make one slip, we are apt to give up entirely. Now, what we should aim at is, always to do the best we can under existence circumstances; and then our progress, with the exception of slight interruptions, would be continual. The third and last weakness to which I allude, is the practice of eating and drinking things because they are on the table, and especially when they are to be paid for. How seldom it happens that two men leave a few glasses of wine in a decanter at a coffee-house, though they have both had enough!

and the consequence of not doing so is frequently to order a fresh supply; but, at any rate, even the first small excess, is pernicious. Excess, however slight, either in solids or liquids, deranges the powers of digestion, and of course diminishes the full benefit of any meal. A very small quantity will cause the difference between spending the remainder of the day profitable or agreeably, and in indolence and dissipation.

GEN. JACKSON AND HIS TAILOR.

AFTER the termination of the Seminole campaign, Gen. Jackson visited Washington City, and during his stay there having occasion to supply himself with a nether garment, employed a fashionable tailor named Ballard to make it. Ballard, who was a very pompous little fellow and very fond of being recognized by great men who had been his customers, a few days after he had finished the unmentionables, stepped up and spoke to him. The General thinking him some distinguished individual, very cordially gave his hand, but not remembering him, in a whisper inquired his name, for the purpose of introducing him to the company. To which Ballard replied, "*I made your breeches.*" The General deceived by the sound immediately turned to the company and introduced him as *Major Breeches*—a title that poor Ballard was afterward obliged to bear to the day of his death.

INDUSTRY.—The time was when industry was fashionable, and none were ashamed to practice it. But they have changed—fashion rules the world, and labor has gone out of fashion with those that can live without it; and until a reform is had, we may bid farewell to many a comfort we might otherwise enjoy.

A CRACK-BRAINED fellow, who was slighted by the females, once asked a young lady "if she would consent to his spending the evening with her?" "No," she angrily replied, "that I won't." "Why, you needn't be so put out: I didn't mean this evening, but some stormy one, when I could not go any where else?"

A WOMAN'S Smile is the best charity lecture a man can receive. It opens one's purse, and makes you bless the receiver in the bargain. Woman forever, for begging—if they want you to go to a ball, a party, get up a fair, and would laugh you out of a dollar, they are sure to get it. Is a missionary scheme on foot—a church to decorate, a ball room to fit up, beware of woman's smile; if you mean to give nothing, run as if the plague were invading the country, or you are a gone case.

SOMEbody in Baltimore has invented a machine for folding newspapers; if the same genius will invent a machine to get pay for them, we will patronize him but we can get along without the other.—*Wheeling Times.*

"I wonder this child don't go to sleep," said an anxious mother to a female friend. "Well, I don't," replied the lady, "its face is so dirty that it can't shut its eyes."

A TEETOTALER, on being told that temperance men were a band of robbers, says—"Yes, they have robbed the Poor House and the State Prison of their victims!"

Opinions of the Press.

RURAL REPOSITORY.—We have before us a number of the Rural Repository, a literary journal published at Hudson, N. Y. by W. B. Stoddard, at the low price of one dollar per year. This excellent periodical has been published about twenty years, and is identified with some of the dearest dreams and romances of our youth. It is emphatically "Rural," and free from the "imitable nothings" that so readily find a place in the "fashionable periodicals" of the day. It is embellished with many beautiful engravings and is, without exaggeration, one of the fairest specimens of the substantial literature of our country. It is one of the few journals of the kind, that a parent can put into the hands of children without any apprehension of danger to their taste or morals. We cheerfully recommend it to our readers, and hope that they may prove its merits as we have done.—*Putnam Democrat, Carmel, N. Y.*

RURAL REPOSITORY.—This beautiful periodical, published in the city of Hudson, N. Y. has commenced its twentieth volume; the brilliant appearance of which, as well in typographical execution, as in literary excellence, must please the eyes of proficients in the business; and although it does not blow so loud a blast as some of the other publications of the day, is quite as deserving of patronage. Subscriptions received at this office. Terms \$1, in advance.—*Grand Rapids Enquirer, Mich.*

RURAL REPOSITORY.—This beautiful semi-monthly quarto is before us, looking as neat and clean as a new pin. It has but just entered upon the publication of its twentieth volume, and its contents and typographical execution reflect much credit upon its enterprising conductor. Each number is to be embellished with one or more engravings; the present one has a correct representation of a linen-drafter's assistant in the act of waiting on a customer. The Repository is published at Hudson, N. Y. at the low price of \$1, per annum. Subscriptions will be received at this office.—*Weekly Sun, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

RURAL REPOSITORY.—We acknowledge ourselves culpable for not sooner noticing the improvements introduced into this publication. It is published at Hudson N. Y. at \$1 a year, and has commenced its 20th volume. Its selections are of a very tasteful and highly moral caste; and every number furnishes the most surprisingly beautiful specimen of typography that our eyes are blessed with. Young men, if you would procure a neat gift for your sweethearts—hand over your dollar to your postmaster and send for the Repository.—*Greensborough Patriot, N. C.*

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

G. P. Amenia, N. Y. \$1.00; E. R. West Point, N. Y. \$1.00; C. B. Union Ellery, N. Y. \$1.00; J. S. C. China, Mich. \$1.00; W. H. B. Lapeer, Mich. \$1.00; J. C. West Chateaugay, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Danby 4 Corners, Vt. \$3.00; P. M. Huntersland, N. Y. \$1.00; E. B. North Vassalborough, Me. \$6.00; C. A. P. Gouverneur, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Vischer's Ferry, N. Y. \$5.00; M. S. Stuyvesant, N. Y. \$1.00; S. S. A. Eatonville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. E. Arthurburgh, N. Y. \$1.00; H. L. Valatie, N. Y. \$1.00; S. B. Green River, Vt. \$1.00; J. M. B. Cazenovia, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Nicholville, N. Y. \$1.00; W. H. South Dover, N. Y. \$1.00; J. P. W. Albany, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. South Hardwick, Vt. \$10.00; R. H. B. Spencertown, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Somerset, N. Y. \$3.00; P. M. Barre, Vt. \$10.00; P. M. Gaysville, Vt. \$5.00; H. H. Canal, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Hartwick Seminary, N. Y. \$1.00; J. E. W. East Hamburgh, N. Y. \$1.00; R. S. Romulus, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Liverpool, N. Y. \$2.00; N. N. S. Castleton, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Cambridge, Vt. \$3.00; S. P. Somerville, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Stokes, N. Y. \$10.00; A. B. P. Adams' Centre, N. Y. \$1.00; E. P. Greensboro', Vt. \$1.00.

Arrived,

On the 2d inst. by the Rev. E. Deyoe, Mr. Tolmann J. Lane, of Ghent, to Miss Pamela Mory, of Stuyvesant Falls.

In Hillsdale, the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Hinrod, Mr. Alvah Ketchum, of Clyde, N. Y. to Mrs. Christina Spencer, daughter of John L. Becker, of Hillsdale.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. J. D. Fonda, Mr. Robert Dyson, to Miss Mary Siddle.

At Clermont, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Wackerhagen, Mr. David F. Lattell, of Middletown, Orange Co. to Miss Catherine, daughter of Richard Dibblee, Esq.

Died,

In this city, at the residence of Allen S. Sweet, on the 9th inst. Samuel S. Sweet, of New York, in his 24th year. On the 4th inst. Joseph N. infant son of Benjamin P. and Mary Elizabeth Lawton, aged 1 year and 10 months.

At Cairo, Greene Co. on the 10th inst. Mrs. Nancy W. Fiero, wife of John W. Fiero, in the 30th year of her age.

At Watertown, Wis. Ter. on the 18th ult. of Bilious Nervous Fever, Mr. Benjamin A. Morey, formerly of this County.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

THE VOICE OF WISDOM.*

BY A. A. FORBES.

WISDOM hath built a temple fair
Whose brilliancy outshines the sun,
Out in the streets she stands, and there
She calleth unto every one;
And with her hands uplifted high
Beckons to all the passers by.
"Oh turn" she cries "Oh turn to me
'Ye lovers of Simplicity!"

"Oh come! for Wisdom's better far
Than silver, or the choicest gold,
More precious even than rubies are,
And half her worth can ne'er be told.
Counsel, and prudence, both are mine,
And understanding to divine
The hidden things of Heaven and earth;
I give each vast conception birth.

"I love the man that loveth me,
And he that seeks me sure shall find;
Judgement and justice I decree,
I give an understanding mind.
I lead in ways of righteousness,
And all my paths, are paths of peace,
And he that walketh in my ways
Finds, riches, honor, length of days.

"I was before the Almighty spake
And brought the Universe the light,
Before his voice the silence brake,
And scattered all the shades of night;
Before He earth's foundations laid,
Or planets in their course arrayed,
Ere the bright sun begun his race,
Thro' Heaven's blue fields of endless space.

"Blest is the man that heareth me,
That watcheth daily in my gates,
For he eternal life shall see,
A crown of joy for him awaits:
Long as he listens to my voice
My words shall cause him to rejoice,
Pleasure shall all his steps attend
And blessings on his head descend."

Riches may take the eagle's wings,
But wisdom never shall decay,
She to the mind true comfort brings,
When wealth and honor flee away.
Then seek her—she's of greater worth
Than all the fleeting things of earth,
And she will guide thee in the way
That leadeth to eternal day.

Hinesburgh, Vt. Oct. 1843.

* From Proverbs.

For the Rural Repository.

TO MY COUSIN.

I OFTEN think of things sublime,
Of greatness, and of glory,
Of brave deeds done in ancient time
On field of battle gory.

I think of castles old and stern,
And into ruin crumbling;
Where pride and haughtiness might learn
A lesson sad and humbling.

I think of lonely temples tall,
The wrecks of former glory,

Of fanes forgot, where erst did fall
Heroes of classic story.

I think of snow-capt mountain heights
Where Winter reigns eternal,
And with his icy finger blights
All vegetation vernal.

I think of fashion's brilliant hall,
And ocean's waves I muse on;
But my weary mind soon leaves them all,
And flies to cousin Susan.

In short each thought of other themes
Is but a brief digression
From one which aye and ever seems
Pleasing beyond expression.

No heart can ever wish her harm,
Nor even malice hate her;
Her winning way has such a charm;
The lovely fascinator!

Her earthly lot be ever blest,
May faithful friends surround her,
And disappointment ne'er molest
The bliss which hope has found her.

Her beaming eye be never wet
By tear of lasting sorrow,
And should her sun of joy e'er set,
Uncolored be its morrow. S. L. S.

Hudson, Nov. 1843.

From the London Weekly Despatch.

THERE'S A STAR IN THE WEST.

THERE'S a star in the west that shall never go down
Till the records of valor decay;
We must worship its light tho' it is not our own,
For Liberty bursts in its ray;
Shall the name of Washington ever be heard
By a freeman, and thrill not his breast?
Is there one out of bondage who hails not the word,
As the Bethlehem Star of the West.

"War, war to the knife—enthralled or ye die!"
Was the echo that waked in the land;
But it was not his voice that prompted the cry,
Nor his madness that kindled the brand;
He raised not his arm, he defied not his foes,
While a leaf of the olive remained;
'Till goaded with insult his spirit arose
Like a long baited Lion unchained.

He struck with firm courage the blow of the brave,
But sighed o'er the carnage that spread;
He indignantly trampled the yoke of the slave,
But wept for the thousands that bled.
Though he threw back the fetters and headed the
strife,

'Till man's charter was fairly restored,
Yet he prayed for the moment when freedom and
strife
Would no longer be prest by the sword.

Oh! his laurels were pure and his patriot name
In the page of the future shall dwell,
And be seen in all annals the foremost in fame
By the side of a Hofer and Tell.

Reville not my song, for the wise and the good
Among Britons have nobly confessed,
That his was the glory and ours was the blood
Of the deeply stained field of the West.

THE DREAMS OF LIFE.

ALL men are dreamers; from the hour
When reason first exerts its power,
Unmindful of its bitter sting,
To some deceiving hope we cling—
That hope's a dream!

The brazen trumpet's clangor gives
The joy on which the warrior lives;

And at his injured country's call
He leaves his home, his friends, his all,
For glory's dream!

The lover hangs on some bright eye,
And dreams of bliss in every sigh;
But brightest eyes are deep in guile,
And he who trusts the fickle smile,
Trusts in a dream!

The poet, Nature's darling child,
By Fame's all dazzling star beguiled,
Sings Love's alternate hope and fear,
Paints visions which his heart holds dear—
And thus he dreams!

And there are those who build their joys
On proud Ambition's gilded toys
Who fain would climb the craggy height,
Where power displays its splendid light—
But dreaming fall!

While others 'mid the giddy throng
Of Pleasure's victims, sweep along:
Till feelings damped and satiate hearts,
Too worn to feel when bliss departs,
Prove all a dream!

And when that chilly call of fear,
Death's mandate, hurtles in the ear,
We find, would we retrace the past,
E'en Life at best, now fading fast—
Is all a dream!

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"Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft eyed maiden steal a tear."

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Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1843.

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